

New Feelings

by NightShade

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Summary: Trowa tries to understand his feelings toward Quatre *
shounen ai *

1. Default Chapter Title

Disclaimers: I don't own any and of the characters blah blah blah...

>
 Before you read this i would like to clear up some questions about my message that I posted here before entitled "Attention all yaoi flamers" , Yes I do like yaoi and I think it is a beautiful thing, which is one of the reasons that I got so mad about the flames, and I do like non-yaoi stories too, but I mainly like yaoi, which is one of the reasons I am writing this story on my favorite couple of all time, Quatre and Trowa, I just think that they make a good couple, they seem so right for each other don't you think.

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 Well anyways I'll tell you a bit about the story, this takes place during the time the two met, actually a little after when they were at Quatre's. The first two or three chapters will be written in 1st person point of view, switching from Quatre and Trowa, and also the first few chapters will mainly be about the characters emotions, more action should come later on..... well, have I given enough away? I hope not, and I hope you enjoy this story. Just to make sure I don't get any unnecessary flamers this story has shounen ai (thanks Shinigami Baby for the spelling) so if you don't feel comfortable in this subject you shouldn't read this. By the way this is my first attempt on writing a Gundam story so please be gentle, so anyway on with the story, enjoy.

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> Chapter 1 New Feelings

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 Trowa

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 I stood there, leaning against the wall, watching him, studying him as he played his violin. Never before had I met anyone quite like him. Although Catherine also had some of his qualities, it was not the same. It was not only his beauty, though even that surpassed anything I had ever seen before, with those blue eyes, so full of emotion, his fair skin, and his golden hair which would even

make the sun envious...I shook my head trying to clear my mind. I had never thought of anything like this before, let alone anyone. It frightened me. I had never become so enthralled on someone's looks before, but as I said earlier, It wasn't only his looks that made him different, but other things, simple things, such as his ability to make everyone around him aware of his emotions, unlike myself who never allowed my feelings and emotions to show, this boy's feelings be read as easily as a book. With those full of happiness, excitement, surprise, or concern. I had yet to see sorrow taint those eyes, and I hoped I never would, which is one of the reasons I resent these feeling I have for him. Anyone I had ever become close to has gotten hurt, and I didn't want anything to happen to this angel I see before me.

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 I continue watching him, he hasn't noticed me yet and generally this would be the way that I prefer, because I don't usually like to be noticed, but this time was different. I actually wanted him to notice me, to look upon me with his beautiful blue eyes. Once again these thought scared me, but I didn't care. I wanted, no, I needed his attention no matter the price. I saw my chance. Near me was a cabinet. Without hesitation I opened it and pulled out a flute. I had learned to play the flute a young age. When I was younger and I had a bit of free time, no matter how small, I would play. It used to be my only chance to escape the pain that had happened in my life. I hadn't played for a while, but I would try. I made a bit more noise then necessary closing the cabinet, hoping to catch a glimpse of his eyes. It worked. He lowered his violin and looked at me with wonder and confusion. I kept our gaze for a few moments longer, then started to play.

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 OK, first chapter done, shorter than what I would have liked but the later chapters should be longer. So anyway, how did I do, please review and give me any advice you have.

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2. Default Chapter Title

Disclaimers- I don't own any of the characters.

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 This is the second chapter to my series entitled "New Feelings ". Again this story has *shounen ai* in it so don't read it if you do not like this subject, but if you have an open mind, then please proceed. I would also like to thank those who wrote the reviews to me, I wasn't sure if I was going to finish the series, because I though it was pretty bad, but according to you readers it wasn't as bad as I thought, so I'm going to try and finish the series. That's all I have to say so, happy readings, and again this story contains my favorite couple, Quatre and Trowa, during their first encounter, though this time the story is through Quatres P.O.V.

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Chapter 2

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Quatre

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 Why can't I get him out of my head? From the moment I saw him, he is all I can think about. Playing my violin was usually a way for me to put all my thoughts behind me and to lose myself in the music, but this time was different. I'm not even sure what song I'm playing anymore. I'm surprised that I haven't dropped my violin yet

due to lack of attention, but something inside me keeps me going, pouring out into the music all the feelings I can't express to him. I start to pay attention to the song I'm playing, strangely, I've never heard the tune before, I was actually putting a song together by just thinking about that pilot, and not to be self-centered, but it wasn't bad. I barely meet this boy today, and already he brings beautiful things into my life. I wish I could go up to him, and tell him how I feel, instead of hiding behind my music, afterall what was stopping me, but myself, but what if....God, I don't even know the boy's name... but anyway, what if this pilot couldn't like another boy. Gaah, this was surely going to give him the confidence to talk to...to...him, I have to find out his name! OK, have to think good thoughts. Example: Telling the boy his feelings, and having him embrace be and return my feelings whole heartily. If the encounter happened like that it would be a dream, but I shouldn't expect things to be so simple, afterall, love never is. Love, did I really love this boy? Yes, I did. Love, such a simple word, yet such a complicating subject. No matter what though, he had to tell him, but how??? The best way may be to just come out and tell him, so then if I was rejected then it wouldn't seem like a big deal, even though it would be for me, but this method does not seem enough to show my feelings toward him. Ahh, maybe I could tell him during a moonlit walk, the desert is so beautiful at night, the moonlight reflecting off the sand. The problem with that idea was how am I going to persuade him to go on a walk with me? He seems like a person who likes to keep to himself, and yet he also seemed so lonely. He has hardly spoken a word to me since we met. Well, back to the subject at hand, how to tell him. Hmm...maybe a candlelit dinner with roses...Geeze Quatre, I scolded myself, why not just kneel under his balcony and recite the Romeo and Juliet Balcony scene to him, and in tights no less. I inwardly chuckled at the idea, wouldn't that be a sight to see, especially if after I climb the balcony, the pilot would be waiting for me in a dress (A.N. idea for a humor fic starting to develop, :: starts laughing evilly, which scares everyone around me::) I laughed softly again at that mental image, but back to being serious, telling the boy would be a lot easier if only I knew I knew more about him, heck, if only I knew anything about him. Maybe if I got to know him more, I could find out his interests then I could pick the perfect setting. Hopefully he wasn't too fond of open meadows, or forests thick with trees, because they definitely wouldn't be found in the desert, sand I could do but not trees. Then the thought suddenly hit me. The perfect setting. An oasis. What could be a better setting then the rarest spot in a desert. I even knew of the perfect one, it wasn't even that far, only a few miles, they could easily ride (A.N. Quatre has a stable of horses ^_^ I love horses, and plus they will help move my story along later, maybe) out there, and it would give me a chance to talk to him. Now if only I could...I heard a sharp click to my left. I dropped my arms and saw...him! What was he doing here? Had he been watching me? I lost myself in his green eyes for a few moments, how could I have not noticed those deep forest green eyes before? I looked at his hands and realized that he had gotten a flute out of the cabinet. I was so confused, why was he staring at me like that? Did he have feelings for me too? I didn't have time to question, because he raised the flute to his lips, closed his eyes, then began to play.

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>
 Yay, I got another chapter out! I hope you enjoyed reading it and I hope you'll review it. Chapter Three should be out soon, I just have to come up with a few more ideas, but if anyone has any suggestion I hope you'll write them in the reviews or email me.

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End
file.